ENOCH ARDEN

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By

Lord Tennyson

PREFATORY NOTE.

For part of the General Introduction to this volume I am indebted to my colleague, Mr. F J. Rowe; whom, together with Mr. K Deighton, I wish to thank for several valuable suggestions embodied in the Notes.

W. T. W.

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

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Biography I. Tennyson the man: 1. His sense of Law shown in his conceptions of (a) Nature; (b) Freedom; (c) Love; (d) Scenery 2. His nobility of thought, and his religion. 3. His simplicity of emotion. II Tennyson [illegible] clusion.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, was born on August 6th, 1809, at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, of which his father was rector. The wolds surrounding his home, the fen some miles away, with its "level waste" and "trenched waters," and the sea on the Lincolnshire coast, with "league-long rollers" and "table-shore," are pictured again and again in his poems Biog

When he was seven years old he was sent to the Louth Grammar School, and returning home after a few years there, was educated with his elder brother Charles by his father. Charles and Alfred Tennyson, while yet youths, published in 1827 a small volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Two Brothers.* In 1828 the two brothers entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where Alfred gained the University Chancellor's gold

medal for a poem on *Timbuctoo*, and where he formed an intimate friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam (son of the historian), whose memory he has immortalised in *In Memoriam*. Among his other Cambridge friends may be mentioned R. C. Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), J. M. Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar), Merivale (the historian, afterwards Dean of Ely), James Spedding, and W. H. Brookfield. In 1830 Tennyson published his *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, among which are to be found some sixty pieces that are preserved in the present issues of his works. In 1832 *Poems by Alfred Tennyson* appeared, and then, after an interval of ten years, two more volumes, also with the title *Poems*. His reputation as a poet was now established, though his greatest works were yet to come. Chief among these are *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud* (1855), *Idylls of the King* (1859-1885), and *Enoch Arden* (1864). In 1875 Tennyson published his first drama, *Queen Mary*, followed by *Harold* (1877), *The Cup* (acted in 1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *The Falcon* and *Becket* (1884), and *The Foresters* (1892). On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate. In 1884 he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, his two seats in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight. He died on October 6th, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Browning.

I. Of all modern English poets Tennyson has most readers; and the chief elements of the powerful charm which he exercises over the hearts and minds of all English-speaking peoples will be evident on even a brief

survey of the character of his mind as revealed in his works, and of the matter and the form of his verse. At the basis of all Tennyson's teaching, indeed of all his work, is Tennyson *the man*. The mould of a poet's mind is the mould in which his thoughts and even his modes of expression must run, and the works of a poet cannot be fully understood unless we understand the poet himself.

1. Conspicuous among the main currents of thought and feeling that flow through the body of his writings is his perception of the movement of Law throughout the worlds of sense and of spirit: he recognises therein a settled scheme of great purposes underlying a universal order and gradually developing to completion.

(*a*) Illustrations of this recognition of pervading Law may be found in his conception of Nature, and in his treatment of human action and of natural scenery. Nature, which to Shelley was a spirit of Love, and to Wordsworth a living and speaking presence of Thought, is to Tennyson a process of Law including both. Even in the midst of his mourning over the seeming waste involved in the early death of his friend, he can write in *In Memoriam*

> I curse not nature, no, nor death;
> For nothing is that errs from law.

In all the workings of Nature he traces the evolution of the great designs of God:

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.

In *The Higher Pantheism*, a similar thought is found:

> God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let us rejoice,
> For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.

(*b*) Allied to this faith that the universe is "roll'd round by one fixt law" is the poet's sympathy with disciplined order in the various spheres of human action. In his teaching on social and political questions, his ideal is a majestic order, a gradual and regular development, without rest indeed, but, above all, without haste. His ideal Freedom is "sober-suited"; it is such a Freedom as has been evolved by the gradual growth of English institutions, a Freedom which

> slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent.

He has small faith in sudden outbursts of revolutionary fervour; he thinks that the "red fool fury of the Seine" (alluding to the excesses of the French revolutionaries), the "flashing heats" of the "frantic city," retard man's progress towards real liberty: they "but fire to blast the hopes of men." If liberty is to be a solid and lasting possession, it must be gained by patient years of working and waiting, not by "expecting all things in an hour"; for with him "raw Haste" is but "half-sister to Delay." So also Tennyson's love for his own country is regulated and philosophic: he has given us a few patriotic martial lyrics that stir the living blood "like a trumpet call," as *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *The Revenge*, but in the main his patriotism is founded on admiration for the great "storied past" of England. Though in youth he triumphs in "the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,"

yet neither in youth nor in age is he himself without some distrust of the new democratic forces which may end in "working their own doom":—

> Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all,
> Step by step we rose to greatness—thro' the tonguesters we may fall.

(c) Again, in his conception of the passion of Love, and in his portraiture of Womanhood, the same spirit of reverence and self-control animates Tennyson's verse. Love, in Tennyson, is a pure unselfish passion. Even the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere is described from a spiritual standpoint, in its evil effects rather than in any sensuous detail. His highest ideal of love is found in the pure passion of wedded life: true love can exist only under the sanction of Duty and of Reverence for womanhood and one's higher self; and such love is the source of man's loftiest ideas, and the inspiration of his noblest deeds. Examples of this treatment may be seen in *The Miller's Daughter*, *Enoch Arden*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, and *Guinevere*, and it underlies the moral lessons inculcated in *The Princess*. (c) Love;

(d) Lastly, Tennyson's appreciation of Order is illustrated in his treatment of natural scenery. It is true that he sometimes gives us scenes of savage grandeur, as in (d) Scenery.

> the monstrous ledges slope and spill
> Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke,

but he oftener describes still English landscapes, the "haunts of ancient peace," with "plaited alleys" and "terrace lawn," "long, gray fields," "tracts of pasture sunny-warm," and all the ordered quiet of rural life.

2. A second great element of Tennyson's char
is its noble tone. This is present in every poen
has ever written. His verse is informed with the
spirit of Honour, of Duty, and of Reverence fo
that is pure and true. This is the spirit that anin
the famous passage in *Œnone*:

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

It is illustrated on its negative side in *The Palace Art*; it breathes through his noble *Ode on the De of the Duke of Wellington*, and it pervades and inspi his picture of King Arthur in the *Idylls of the Kin*

Tennyson's religious faith is sufficiently indicated his writings. At the root of his poetry (as Mr. Stopfo Brooke has remarked) lie "the ever-working imma ence of God in man, the brotherhood of the hum race, and its evolution into perfect love and righteo ness; the continuance of each man's personal conscio ness in the life to be; the vitality of the present—m alive and Nature alive, and alive with the life of Go

3. Another main characteristic of Tennyson is si plicity. The emotions that he appeals to are general easy to understand and common to all. He avoids t subtle analysis of character, and the painting of compl motives or of the wild excess of passion. The mo laws which he so strongly upholds are those prima sanctions upon which average English society is founde

A certain Puritan simplicity and a scholarly restraint pervade the mass of his work.

It is on these foundations of Order, Nobility, and Simplicity that Tennyson's character is built.

II. Tennyson the Poet.

II. Turning now to the matter or substance of his poems, we note, first, that the two chief factors of Tennyson's popularity are that he is a representative English poet, and that he is a consummate Artist.

(1) As Representative of his Age.

1. In the great spheres of human thought—in religion, in morals, in social life—his poems reflect the complex tendencies of his age and his surroundings. Not, it may be, the most advanced ideas, not the latest speculation, not the transient contentions of the hour; but the broad results of culture and experience upon the poet's English contemporaries. The ground of Tennyson's claim to be considered a representative of his age is seen in the lines of thought pursued in some of those more important poems which deal with the great problems and paramount interests of his times. The poems cover a period of fifty years, and must be considered in the order of their publication. In *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842, the speaker, after giving vent to his own tale of passion and regret, becomes the mouthpiece of the young hopes and aspirations of the Liberalism of the early Victorian era, while in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, the doubts and distrust felt by the Conservatism of our own times find dramatic utterance. *The Princess* deals with a question of lasting interest to society, and one which has of late years risen into more conspicuous importance, the changing position and proper sphere of Woman. In *The Palace of Art* the poet describes and

condemns a spirit of æstheticism whose sole religion is the worship of Beauty and Knowledge for their own sakes, and which ignores human responsibility and obligations to one's fellow-men: while in *St. Simeon Stylites,* the poet equally condemns the evils of a self-centred religious asceticism which despises the active duties of daily life. *The Vision of Sin* is a picture of the perversion of nature and of the final despair which attend the pursuit of sensual pleasure. *The Two Voices* illustrates the introspective self-analysis with which the age discusses the fundamental problem of existence, finding all solutions vain except those dictated by the simplest voices of the conscience and the heart. The poet's great work, *In Memoriam,* is the history of a tender human soul confronted with the stern, relentless order of the Universe and the seeming waste and cruelty of Death. The poem traces the progress of sorrow from the Valley of Death, over-shadowed by the darkness of unspeakable loss, through the regions of philosophic doubt and meditation to the serene heights of resignation and hope, where Faith and Love can triumph over Death in the confident hope of a life beyond, and over Doubt by the realization

> That all, as in some piece of art,
> Is toil coöperant to an end.

Maud is dated at the conclusion of that long period of peace which ended at the Crimean War, when the commercial prosperity of England had reached a height unknown before, and when "Britain's [illegible] god" was the millionaire. The poem gives [illegible]atic ren-

those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March
(*The Gardener's Daughter*)

With blasts that blow the poplar white
(*In Memoriam*)

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
(*Maud*)

a stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,
Clutch'd at the crag (*The Last Tournament*).

We may also notice the exactness of the epithets in "*perky* larches," "*dry-tongu'd* laurels," "*high-elbow'd* grigs," "*pillar'd dusk* of *sounding* sycamores," "laburnums, *dropping-wells of fire.*"

Equally exact are his descriptions of scientific phenomena:

Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course till thou wert also man
(*The Two Voices*)

Still, as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring
(*The Palace of Art*).

This accurate realization of natural or scientific facts is often of service in furnishing apt illustrations of moral truths or of emotions of the mind:

Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears
That grief has shaken into frost
(*In Memoriam*)

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke
That like a broken purpose waste in air
(*The Princess*)

> Prayer, from a living source within the will,
> And beating up through all the bitter world,
> Like fountains of sweet water in the sea
> (*Enoch Arden*)

(b) Allusions to the Classics of more than one land may be found in Tennyson. Lines and expressions would seem sometimes to be suggested by the Greek or Latin poets, and in these the translation is generally so happy a rendering of the original as to give an added grace to what was already beautiful Illustrations of this characteristic will be found among the Notes at the end of this volume There is occasionally a reconditeness about these allusions which may puzzle the general reader. For example, in the lines (b) His scholarship

> And over those ethereal eyes
> The bar of Michael Angelo
> (*In Memoriam*)

where the reference is to the projection of the frontal bone above the eye-brows noticeable in the portraits of Michael Angelo and of Arthur Hallam, a peculiarity of shape said to indicate strength of character and mental power Similarly in

> Proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
> (*The Princess*)

we find an allusion to an old ceremony of marriage by proxy, where an ambassador or agent representing the absent bridegroom, after taking off his long riding boot, placed his leg in the bridal bed

(c) We may next note Tennyson's unequalled power of finding single words to give at a flash, as it were, (c) His expressiveness

an exact picture. What he has written of Virgil's art is equally true of his own, which offers us

> All the charm of all the Muses
> often flowering in a lonely word.

This power of fitting the word to the thought may be seen in the following examples: "*creamy* spray"; "*lily* maid"; "the ripple *washing* in the reeds" and "the wild water *lapping* on the crag"; "the dying ebb that faintly *lipp'd* the flat red granite"; "as the fiery Sirius *bickers* into red and emerald"; "women *blowz'd* with health and wind and rain."

(*d*) Mr. G. C. Macaulay (Introduction to *Gareth and Lynette*) has remarked upon the picturesqueness, the elaborate aptness, and the individual and personal character of Tennyson's similes. Of their picturesque aptness two examples will be sufficient here:

> The great brand
> Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
> And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
> Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
> Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
> By night, with noises of the northern sea
> (*Morte d'Arthur*)

> Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride
> Looks only for a moment whole and sound;
> Like that long-buried body of the king,
> Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
> Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
> Slipt into ashes, and was found no more
> (*Aylmer's Field*).

As regards their individual and personal character, Tennyson's similes in many cases "do not so much

appeal to common experience, as bring before us some special thing or some peculiar aspect of nature, which the poet has vividly present to his own mind, while to the reader perhaps the picture suggested may be quite unfamiliar." As examples we may take the following:

> So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
> No graver than as when some little cloud
> Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
> And isles a light in the offing
> (*Enoch Arden*).

So, in *Geraint and Enid*, when the bandit falls transfixed by Geraint's lance, Tennyson writes:

> As he that tells the tale
> Saw once a great piece of a promontory,
> That had a sapling growing on it, slide
> From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,
> And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew.

A remarkable instance of this individuality occurs in *Gareth and Lynette*:

> Gareth lookt and read—
> In letters like to those the vexillary
> Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt—

the Gelt being a small stream in Cumberland, not named in any of the ordinary gazetteers or atlases; and the reference is to an inscription on a lime-stone rock near this stream, carved by the Second Legion of Augustus, stationed there in A.D. 207.

(e) Possessing such a faculty of appropriate expression, the poet naturally avoids the commonplace. He not only rigidly excludes all otiose epithets and stop-gap phrases, but often, where other writers would use (e) His avoidance of the commonplace.

some familiar, well-worn word, he selects one less known but equally true and expressive. He has a distinct fondness for good old Saxon words and expressions, and has helped to rescue many of these from undeserved oblivion. Thus, for the "skinflint" of common parlance he substitutes (in *Walking to the Mail*) the "flayflint" of Ray's *Proverbs*; in place of "blindman's buff" is found the older "hoodman blind" (*In Memoriam*); for "village and cowshed" he writes "thorpe and byre" (*The Victim*), while in *The Brook* the French "cricket" appears as the Saxon "grig." Other examples might be quoted, *e.g.*, *lurdane, rathe, plash, brewis, thrall'd, boles, quitch, reckling, roky, yaffingale.* Occasionally he prefers a word of his own coinage, as *tonguester, selfless.* This tendency to avoid the commonplace is noticeable not only in separate words, but in the rendering of ideas, a poetic dress being given to prosaic details by a kind of stately circumlocution: thus in *The Princess* the hero's northern birthplace is indicated by his telling us that "on my cradle shone the Northern star"; and, in the same poem, the blue smoke rising from household chimneys is described by "azure pillars of the hearth"—an expression which Mr. P. M. Wallace, in his edition of *The Princess,* aptly calls "almost reverent"; icebergs are "moving isles of winter"; while to picture the hour before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea, the poet writes:

Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave.

(*f*) One of the leading characteristics of Tennyson's style is the repetition of a word (often in a modified

form) in the same or sometimes in a slightly different sense. We have, for instance:

> Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
> Shame on her own *garrulity garrulously*
> (*Guinevere*)

and in the same poem,

> The *maiden* passion for a *maid*;

to which we may add:

> For ever *climbing* up the *climbing* wave
> (*The Lotos-Eaters*)
>
> *Mouldering* with the dull earth's *mouldering* sod
> (*The Palace of Art*).

Assonance—the repetition not of a word but of a sound—is also a favourite device with Tennyson for giving a kind of epigrammatic force to a statement, as in

> Even to *tipmost* lance and *topmost* helm
> (*The Last Tournament*)
>
> Thy Paynim bard
> Had such a *mastery* of his *mystery*
> That he could harp his wife up out of hell
> (*Ib.*)
>
> Then with that *friendly-fiendly* smile of his
> (*Harold*)

(*g*) His harmony of rhythm.

(*g*) Lastly, if we examine the metrical characteristics of Tennyson's poetry, we observe that the sense of majestic order and gradual development pervading the substance of his poems is not more conspicuous than is the sense of music which governs the style of his versification. While less powerful than Milton's at its best, Tennyson's blank verse always remains at a high level of excellence, and its simple grandeur of style and expression is peculiarly his own. It is in his

lyrical poems, however, that his mastery of metre and rhythm best shows itself. He knows all the secrets of harmonious measures and melodious diction; he has re-cast and polished his earlier poems with such minute and scrupulous care that he has at length attained a metrical form more perfect than has been reached by any other poet. Several illustrations of the delicacy of his sense of metre are pointed out in the Notes. A few more examples may be here quoted to show how frequently in his verse the sound echoes the sense. This is seen in his Representative Rhythms. Thus:

(1) The first syllable or half-foot of a line of blank verse is often accented and cut off from the rest of the line by a pause, to indicate some sudden emphatic action or startling sight or sound, breaking the flow of the narrative—an effect often employed by Homer:

his arms
Clash'd: and the sound was good to Gareth's ear
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

Charm'd, till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come
(*Ib.*)

Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive
(*Lancelot and Elaine*)

Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I fight upon thy side'
(*Pelleas and Etarre*)

Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the leaf
(*Ib.*)

Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Drops flat (*The Last Tournament*).

Occasionally the whole first foot is thus cut off:

made his horse
Caracole: then bowed his homage, bluntly saying
(*Ib*).

Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying: and in the stream beneath him shone
(*Gareth and Lynette*).

(2) *Action rapidly repeated* is represented by an unusual number of unaccented syllables in one line. Thus we almost hear the huddling flow of waters in such lines as

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn
(*The Princess*)

Of some precipitous rivulet to the sea
(*Enoch Arden*).

The rapid warble of song birds sounds through

Melody on branch and melody in mid air
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

and in the same *Idyll*, the quick beat of a horse's hoof is echoed in

The sound of many a heavily galloping hoof.

(3) Contrast with the above the majestic effect produced by the sustained rhythm and the broad vowel sounds in

By the long wash of Australasian seas
(*The Brook*)

The league-long roller thundering on the reef
(*Enoch Arden*).

(4) Variations from the usual iambic regularity of blank verse, attained by placing the accent on the first instead of on the second half-foot, are introduced, often to represent intermittent action, as in

Dówn the lóng tówer-stáirs, hésitáting
(*Lancelot and Elaine*).

(*h*) Tennyson's sense of music is equally conspicuous in the melody of his diction. The mere sound of his words and phrases lingers in the brain, apart from any meaning, as the echoes of a musical cadence linger along a vaulted roof. This is in the main due to his selection of melodious vowels and liquid consonants, and also to his skilful use of alliteration. Examples are everywhere:

The *moan* of doves in *immemorial elms*,
And *murmuring* of innu*merable* bees
(*The Princess*)

The *lustre* of the *long* convo*lvul*uses
(*Enoch Arden*)

The *long low* du*n*e and *lazy* p*lun*ging sea
(*The Last Tournament*)

*Br*east-high in that *br*ight line of *br*acken stood
(*Pelleas and Etarre*)

All day the wind breathes *low* with me*llower* tone
Through every ho*llow* cave and a*lley lone*
(*The Lotos Eaters*).

Contrast with the liquid sounds in the above the representative effect produced by the short, sharp vowels and the guttural and dental sounds in

And on the *spike* that *split* the mother's hear*t*
*Spit*ting the child
(*The Coming of Arthur*)

The blade flew
*Splint*ering in *six*, and *clinkt* upon the *st*ones
(*Balin and Balan*)

Then *sput*tering thro' the *hedge* of *splinter*'d *t*eeth,
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with *blunt stump*
*Pitch-black*en'd sawing the air
(*The Last Tournament*).

In double words initial alliteration is conspicuous:—*breaker-beaten*, *flesh-fall'n*, *gloomy-gladed*, *lady-laden*, *mock-meek*, *point-painted*, *rain-rotten*, *storm-strengthen'd*, *tongue-torn*, *work-wan*. We also find *slowly-mellowing*, *hollower-bellowing*, *ever-veering*, *heavy-shotted hammock-shroud*. Often, as Mr. G. C. Macaulay has noticed, Tennyson's alliteration is so delicate that we "only feel that it is there without perceiving where it is," and it is then, perhaps, due to no conscious effort of the poet, but is as natural as the melody of a bird. In no English poet, perhaps only in Homer and Virgil, is this kinship of poetry and music so evident as in Tennyson.

Tennyson's three historical dramas form (as Mr. Henry Van Dyke has pointed out) a picture of the Making of England, the three periods of action being, it would seem, chosen with the design of touching the most critical points of the long struggle. Thus in *Harold* we see "the close of that fierce triangular duel between the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, which resulted in the Norman conquest and the binding of England, still Saxon at heart, to the civilization of the Continent." In *Becket* we have "the conflict between the church and the crown, between the ecclesiastical and the royal prerogatives, which shook England to the centre for many years, and out of which her present constitution has grown." In *Queen Mary*, when the triumph of church and people had left undecided what type of religion was to prevail, is pictured the struggle between the Papacy and the Reformation for the possession of England. All three plays are full of deep

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> (*Enoch Arden*)

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> (*The Last Tournament*)

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Tennyson's three historical dramas form (as Mr. Henry Van Dyke has pointed out) a picture of the Making of England, the three periods of action being, it would seem, chosen with the design of touching the most critical points of the long struggle. Thus in *Harold* we see "the close of that fierce triangular duel between the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, which resulted in the Norman conquest and the binding of England, still Saxon at heart, to the civilization of the Continent." In *Becket* we have "the conflict between the church and the crown, between the ecclesiastical and the royal prerogatives, which shook England to the centre for many years, and out of which her present constitution has grown." In *Queen Mary*, when the triumph of church and people had left undecided what type of religion was to prevail, is pictured the struggle between the Papacy and the Reformation for the possession of England. All three plays are full of deep

research, vivid character-painting, and intensity of feeling, and contain many magnificent situations. George Eliot has expressed her opinion that "Tennyson's plays run Shakspere's close," and Robert Browning used to point out the scene of the oath over the bones of the Saints of Normandy, in *Harold*, as a marvellously actable scene; while Mr. J. R. Green, the historian, has told us that "all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II. and his court as was embodied in Tennyson's *Becket*." It should at the same time be remembered that (as the poet himself avows) this drama is "not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of the modern theatre," a criticism which may be applied with more or less force to the whole trilogy. *Becket* has been adapted for the stage by Mr. Irving, and performed with great success; and *The Cup* and *The Falcon* were each played during a London season to full houses. *Queen Mary*, *The Promise of May*, and *The Foresters* have also been acted.

Such is Tennyson as man and as artist. His poetry, with its clearness of conception and noble simplicity of expression, its discernment of the beautiful and its power of revealing and shaping it with mingled strength and harmony, has become an integral part of the literature of the world, and so long as purity and loftiness of thought expressed in perfect form have power to charm, will remain a possession for ever.

INTRODUCTION TO ENOCH ARDEN.

This poem, first published in 1864, is a true idyl. It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows not aspiring to the dimensions or the pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits, but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own. It fulfils all the conditions of the modern idyl, which are, to depict the joys and sorrows of humble life—to describe those beauties of nature which, unperceived, enhance the former and soothe the latter—and (most important of all) to be brief and compact.

Enoch Arden may be classed as among the best of the poet's works. Taking all its merits into consideration, probably no other of his poems can reach above it. It has length enough to show sustained effort; the story is dramatic, and told with a simple and complete effect; and the parts are, first of all, in perfect subordination to the whole and to one another, secondly, are beautiful in themselves.[1] The poem is remarkable for the uniform beauty of thought and expression that marks it throughout. Dealing, as it often does, with common-place events and topics, it invests them with a loveliness and a pathos which reveals the highest taste and the truest art. At

[1] *The Quarterly Review* (Jan. 1866).

the same time the poet preserves the strictest fidelity to nature, both in the scenes that he depicts and in the feelings and emotions that he ascribes to his characters. We have here a simplicity that is at times almost severe, combined with the utmost clearness of diction and the richest melody of versification. Dr. Bayne writes: "In Enoch Arden, Tennyson deals with a subject which might have had charms for Crabbe, but Crabbe would have loaded the shadows too much; in Tennyson's handling the poem is sad but not painful. The hero, Enoch Arden, is beyond rivalry the principal personage in the tale, and his heroism is at once of the loftiest and simplest order. He is an unlucky man but invincible; his brain is ordinary; morally he is sublime. His duty, however hard it may be, is always clear to him; and, without any consciousness that he is acting heroically, he always proves equal to it. Harder duty, however, has seldom fallen to any man than his. ... He had never accused God; he had never unjustly upbraided man; in the long roll of Christain heroes there is not inscribed a truer hero than Enoch Arden."[1]

The story of the poem is briefly this[2]:—Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad, Philip Ray, the miller's only son, and pretty Annie Lee, played together as children on the beach of a small seaport town. Enoch and Philip both love Annie, and the three play at keeping house in a cave which runs in below the cliff. She, though willing enough, as a child, to be "little wife to both," at heart loved Enoch best. He was at first successful: prospered in his fishing, made himself able seaman on board a merchantman, and before he was twenty-one,

[1] *Lessons from my Masters.* [2] Adapted from Bayne.

purchased a boat and married Annie. First a daughter, then a son, were born to them, and all things continued to go well with Enoch until he fell from a mast and broke a limb. While he lay recovering, another son, a sickly one, was born. Meanwhile, some one stept in and snatched away his trade, and he feared bad times were coming upon himself and his family. Then the master of the ship in which he had served, hearing of his misfortune, offered to take him as boatswain, and Enoch consented at once. He resolved to sell his boat, set his wife up in a little shop, and go on a long voyage. Annie disliked the scheme, was sure evil would come of it, and entreated him not to go, but in vain Before he went he kissed the two elder children: the sickly one, asleep in his cot, he would not waken, but took away with him a little curl from the baby's head. The sickly child died Annie had no success in trade, and but for the delicately tendered help of Philip Ray, would have sunk into poverty. When ten years had gone by and nothing had been heard of Enoch, Philip asked her to marry him. In the twelfth year she became his wife Enoch, meanwhile, had been wrecked upon a tropic island. There, year after year, with bounteous supply of all his animal wants, but infinite hunger of heart, he remained. The sights and sounds of his home haunted him, and once the merry "pealing of his parish bells" seemed to come to his ears from far away. At length a ship took him off and he returned to England. So completely was he changed that it was easy for him to live in the same town with Annie and Philip without being discovered In the darkness he went and looked in at the window, and saw his wife and children in perfect comfort round Philip's hearth. After this peep

into the domestic heaven which he had lost, he crept from the garden, and falling prone upon the down, prayed for strength "not to tell her, never to let her know." He had now a new purpose in life, and with heroic fortitude set himself to carry it out. But he did not live long. When he knew death to be at hand, he told the woman with whom he had lodged, under promise on the Bible of secrecy until after his death, who he was, and bade her give Annie the lock of his dead child's hair by which she might know that it had indeed been he, and to tell her that he died blessing her and his children and Philip. Then he passed away, and received rich burial from the love and gratitude of the survivors.

There are four crises in the tale. The first crisis is the marriage of Enoch and Annie, consequent upon the scene where Philip sees them "sitting hand in hand" and retires heart-broken. The second crisis is the departure of Enoch to sea, in spite of his wife's pleading and presentiment of misfortune. The third crisis is the marriage of Philip and Annie, with much anxiety and extreme hesitation on her part. The fourth crisis is the return of Enoch to his native village, with the shattering of his hopes, followed by his self-denying resolve.[1]

Four other features that characterise this poem deserve the attention of the reader:—

1. *The unity of tone and feeling.* The nine opening lines are made, with fine craft, to serve the unity of the piece. Out of the chord thus struck every future change will flow. Ever in our minds will be the

[1] *The Westminster Review* (Oct. 1864).

sea and its power. There will be also the church with its giving in marriage, and its gathering of the dead together in hope, and there again the mill, and high in heaven behind the gray and breezy down, which with the sea gave strength and breadth to the hearts of those who lived upon them, and whose hazel-wood, in its cuplike hollow, resounded to their childish mirth, and was the kindly shelter of the passions of their stronger years. Again, there is the dramatic unity which the author gains by contrast of his characters. He has kept his canvas free from all the accidental personages who would have broken up the leading masses of his groups. With a statuesque beauty, Annie, the third, forms a link which binds in opposition Enoch and Philip, two characters of finely contrasted temper, which contrast is marvellously worked out as each passes into the fortune of the other. Enoch, early thrown upon his own resources, intense in feeling, resolute to execute his purposes; Philip, well-to-do, not driven to energy by want, beginning life in gentle care for others, losing his holiday in nutting-time—his father being sick and needing him—and yielding still a higher sacrifice of all his hope in love: Enoch, brought then to live as Philip did, reft of his love and bound to inactivity, and lastly yielding all in, a noble self-repulse, which only a nature so intense as his could have achieved; Philip, meanwhile drawn slowly into action by the strength of others' needs, and bringing into light his tender forethought, kindly constancy, and delicate reserve. With Philip's sacrifice the scenes begin; with Enoch's sacrifice they end.[1]

2. *The reserve and concentration* that characterise the narrative. The poet indulges in no digressions, in no descriptions which are not required for its full comprehension; he rehearses no long conversations, and makes no unnecessary remarks of his own. There is no sentimental dawdling over the sad situations which occur in the narrative. This absence of maudlin sensibility is specially noticeable in the last scenes of the poem. They are very pathetic; and they are never foolishly sentimental. The way in which Enoch is stunned by the news of his wife's second marriage; his longing to see her, and assure himself that she is happy; the picture of peace and comfort *within* Philip's house, which throws into stronger relief the anguish of the wretched husband and father as he stands *without*; Enoch's grand (if not strictly just) self-sacrifice, as, recovering from the shock of *seeing* what only to *hear* of had been woe sufficient, he repeats his resolution to himself, 'Not to tell *her*, never to let her know': all these things in the hands of a French writer of the sentimental type would have been morbidly painful. Tennyson so tells them that they elevate our minds by the sight of a spirit refining to its highest perfection in the purgatorial fires of earth.[1]

3. *The entire absence of wrong-doing* on the part of the personages of the story. They cannot even be reasonably convicted of error; and it is remarkable how careful the poet is throughout to represent their conduct as unexceptionable, while perfectly simple and natural. No sympathy is demanded of the reader for Enoch on the ground of his having been wronged in any way.

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Every one acts for the best, and with the utmost care and forbearance. The disastrous result of Enoch's departure could not be foreseen; the chances were that he would succeed. Annie's failure at shop-keeping is explained rather to her credit than otherwise. The sickly child dies, but not without being "cared for with all a mother's care." Philip's advances to Annie are made with the greatest delicacy and with the tenderest consideration for her feelings, and are prompted, partly at any rate, by an unselfish desire to help her and her family in their need. Annie's consent to the marriage is won only after long hesitation and many scruples, and when every available plea for delay is exhausted. The representation of human beings as puppets in the hands of Fate and Circumstance was a favourite subject with the old *Greek* dramatists; but there is always a substratum of *error*, or even guilt, in their heroes for Fate to work *upon*. "Here everybody does their duty, everybody acts even *wisely* and nobly, and yet, such are the conditions of our complex and incalculable circumstances in this world, *that* the fruit *is* heartbroken misery and disappointment, and the curtain falls on a vision of all *that* is unutterably sad and hopelessly desolate."[1] It will be remarked how greatly the pathos of the narrative is heightened by this treatment of his characters by the author.

4. *The religious and superstitious element.* A critic[2] (1) Th
has pointed out the *skill* and judgment that Tenny- gious
son has shown in *giving* intensity and sinew to the passion of his tale by the slight leaven of a Puritan

[1] *Westminster Review.*

[2] *Quarterly Review.*

faith. A certain element of moral grandeur has thus been given to the story, which would otherwise have been wanting. The scene of the poem's action is laid in a secluded fishing port, where a stern creed had grow up under the changeful northern sky and then mysterious perils of the sea; and where the traditional superstitions of a sailor life were woven in with an intense and living belief handed down from a Puritan ancestry. The occasional use of supernatural means, such as Annie's dream, so falls evenly upon the reader's mind, and certain superstitious observances are justified. The slight and unobtrusive infusion in the story of the supernatural adds dignity to its humble hero's fate. "In a poem like *Enoch Arden*, it would be an unpardonable error to give foreshadowings of the future anything like the place held by the words of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. Lord Tennyson has been so far from committing this mistake that he scarcely calls the reader's attention to his prophecies, and not at all to their accomplishment."[1] These prophecies occur in the form of unconscious predictions in lines 36, 193, and 212; in the form of presentiments in lines 175 and 510, etc.; and in the form of a dream in lines 496-502.[2] "Now these foreshadowings of the future[3] may be believed or disbelieved at pleasure; but their ancient credit still survives to some extent, and even now few comparatively attach no weight whatever to dreams and presentiments. Especially would such a woman as Annie think her own of importance. We may be sure that,

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine.*

[2] See the notes to all these passages.

[3] Compare the introduction of the "sign" in the Conclusion to *Locksley Hall.*

after she knew the truth, she would often dwell on their mysterious meaning, and on how she had failed to apprehend it until too late. And thus these judicious touches of the supernatural make the tale in which they occur seem additionally *natural* and lifelike."[1]

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine.*

ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and highe
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at time
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn about
When, if they quarrell'd Enoch stronger-mad
Was master: then would Philip, his blue ey
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming se
And all men look'd upon him favourably;
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May

He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,

While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade,
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand to mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?

And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing . yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on *Annie* pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:

Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him: and then he said
'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,

For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly, little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these

Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it.'

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,

Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.'

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!' half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wis
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me down:
And now I think your kindness breaks me dow
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
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When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where: and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begg
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to hi
'Come with us, Father Philip' he denied;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing, 'Let me rest' she said:
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
How

God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?'
'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved
A little after Enoch.' 'O' she cried,
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!' Philip sadly said
'Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried
'I am bound: you have my promise—in a year
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?'
And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
And sent his voice beneath him through the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free.'
Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,

Ialf hut, half native cavern. So the three,
et in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heave
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices:

Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:
And that same morning officers and men

Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone

Who kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost'
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost;'
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
'If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,

The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and sto
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thenc
That which he better might have shunn'd, if gri
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone, so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd;
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smil

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,

nd his own children tall and beautiful,
nd him, that other, reigning in his place,
ord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things hea
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fe
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: No father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced

Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul 'This miller's wife'
He said to Miriam 'that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort,' and he thought
'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days,
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself
Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck

See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last.'
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'
'Know him?' she said 'I knew him far away
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
'His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man.' At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.' Enoch said again
'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,

And how he kept it. As the woman heard
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only 'See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again, mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you no
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her,
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him
And say to Philip that I blest him too,
He never meant us any thing but good
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father, but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be.
This hair is his she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years.
And thought to bear it with me to my grave,
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see hi
My babe in bliss. wherefore when I am gone,

Take, give her this, for it may comfort her
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he.'

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

NOTES.

1 **breaking** Note how the trochee (*break-ing*) here

3 **red roofs**, roofs formed of red tiles (instead of the modern slate) *Red roofs* = red-roofed houses

4 **moulder'd**, decayed, dilapidated. *Mould* is crumbling soil, from a root *mal*, to bruise. **higher**, further up , an adverb

5. **climbs**, leads upwards **tall-tower'd**, provided with a lofty tower to support the mill sails See 1 340 and note

6. **high in heaven**, so high above it as to seem almost up in the sky. **down**, a sand hill, covered with coarse grass, which gives it a grey appearance

dead."

8. **autumn nutters**, gatherers of nuts in the autumn, when they are ripe **haunted**, frequented

10 **ago** (short for *agone*) is the perfect participle of an old verb, *agon*, to go away **years** is to be parsed as adverbial objective case denoting point of time

11. **of three houses**, belonging to three different families

15 **Made shipwreck.** His father had perished through being shipwrecked in a winter's storm, and so Enoch was left an orphan

says of lines 16-18: "The literal accuracy of the comical. Go to Deal, and you will see precisely such a shore." The *Quarterly Review* remarks: "The clear drawing of the objects on the shore, where those three children played, fixes them in the reader's mind during all the after scenes, as the old familiar things of childish years live onward in our memories."

17. **swarthy.** Fishermen's nets are of a dark colour through the action of the sea-water upon them.

18. **Anchors of rusty fluke,** rusty-fluked anchors. The *fluke* (Low Germ. *flunk*, a wing) is the part of the anchor that fastens in the ground. **updrawn,** 'hauled up on the beach,' as fishermen's boats are when not in use.

21. **breaker,** wave breaking on the beach. A *roller* (l. 580) is a long, swelling ocean wave of a great height.

23. **ran in,** formed a hollow.

24. **keeping house,** being householders; cf. l. 140 and note.

25. **host,** master of the house. This *host* is from Lat. *hospitem*, accusative of *hospes*, an entertainer of guests; *host*, an army, is from Lat. *hostem*, accusative of *hostis*, an enemy; *host*, the consecrated wafer, is from Lat. *hostia*, a victim.

26. **still,** always, on each occasion.

28. **'This is ... wife.'** These words are said by Enoch.

29. **'turn and turn about,'** each taking his turn in succession. Cf. the similar phrase, "share and share alike."

30. **stronger-made,** more strongly built.

32. **helpless wrath of tears.** Not having the strength to contend with Enoch, his anger found vent in tears.

34. **for company,** out of a feeling of companionship or sympathy with him.

36. **little wife to both.** Note the unconscious prophecy here. Her childish words come true, and she becomes indeed wife to both. Cf. notes to ll. 193, 212, and see Introduction, p. xxxii. Compare with this the Irony of Sophocles, which consists in the contrast that the spectator, who knows the plot of the play, is enabled to draw between the real state of the case and the conceptions supposed to be entertained by the person represented on the stage.

38, 39. **the new warmth ... either,** when they were both grown older, and consequently had stronger feelings and affections. The period of childhood is compared to the dawn, the period of young manhood to the time when the sun is higher in the heavens. **heart** = affections.

42. **Seem'd kinder etc.** A natural touch. The secret consciousness of her love for Enoch made her outwardly kinder to Philip.

44, 45. set ... before his eyes, kept in prospect.

45-47. A purpose To hoard .. To purchase, *i.e.* his purpose was to hoard *etc.*, in order to purchase.

46 to the uttermost, to the greatest possible extent. In *uttermost*, *utter* is the same word as *outer*, and *most* is the double superlative suffix *m-est*, and not the superlative of *much*.

50 did not breathe did not live, was not to be found. So Scott, *Lay*, vi, 1, "Breathes there the man with soul so dead?"

51. breaker-beaten. Observe the alliteration, so common in Tennyson's compound epithets, as 'passion pale,' 'tenderest-touching,' 'love-languid.' Cf 'rough-redden'd,' l. 95, and 'hollower-bellowing,' l. 594 See General Introduction, p. xxii.

54 full sailor, an 'able seaman,' which is a technical maritime phrase, often shortened into 'A.B' = able bodied (seaman). pluck'd a life, rescued a person from being drowned.

55. down-streaming seas, retreating breakers that stream down the beach. *An admirably expressive line; see General Introduction*, p. xviii. (c)

57. touch'd, reached, *i.e.* before he was 21 years old May, a Spring month, is chosen to represent the year, because a *young* man is spoken of Similarly we say "a boy of fifteen *summers*," but "an old man of eighty *winters*"

58, 59 He purchas [illegible]
tion of this passage [illegible]
120, and 128; 138, [illegible]
Similar repetitions oc [illegible]
poem in "Selections from Tennyson"[1] neat and nestlike Note the alliteration. For *nestlike* (= snug), cf. *Aylmer's Field*, l. 150 "Each (home) a nest in bloom"

63. great and small These epithets of course belong to *people.*

64. the hazels, the hazel-wood.

65 His father lying needing An instance of the absolute construction —'since his father lay sick and needed him.' See Introduction, p xxx.

67. [illegible]

68 [illegible] wood, as it began [illegible] thin (like a fringe [illegible] ook like the irregular line of feathers in a wing See ll. 7 9, and cf l. 540, and *The Gardener's Daughter*, l. 46·

"And all about the large lime feathers low."

[1] *Macmillan and Co*

70. **weather-beaten**, rough and tanned by exposure to the weather; cf. l. 95. It seems probable that the true form of the word is *weather-bitten*, Swed. *väderbiten*, bitten or marked by the weather.

71, 72. **All-kindled ... altar**, lighted up with the calm, divine glow of love, which was pure and holy like the fire on an altar. So Coleridge, in his poem entitled *Love*, says that

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Love,
> And feed his sacred flame."

True love is compared to an altar-fire, not only on account of its purity, but because it implies self-sacrifice for the sake of the loved object. Cf. *Maud*, xviii, 3:

> "Her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
> And made my life a perfumed altar-flame."

And C. Patmore, *Angel in the House*, x. 3:

> "Love and Joy are torches lit
> From altar-fires of sacrifice."

73. **read his doom**, saw that it was his destiny not to be loved by Annie.

74. **drew together**, came instinctively closer to each other, under the influence of their mutual love. It is perhaps implied that they kissed each other. For *draw* used intransitively, with the sense of slow or gradual motion, cf. *Demeter and Persephone*, l. 112:

> "The sun,
> Pale at my grief, drew down before his time."

75. **life**, living thing, animal, creature. So Wordsworth uses *birth* for *thing born*:—"The sunshine is a glorious birth" (*Immortality Ode*, ii, 7). Cf. l. 54; and *To—*, l. 30 (of a bird):

> "The little life of bank and brier."

78. **dark hour**, time of gloom and suffering. **rose**. Note the suggestive reticence here, the word *rose* implying that Phil had thrown himself down on the ground in his anguish.

79. **lifelong**, lasting through life. *Livelong* is the same wo[rd] but with a wider sense. **hunger**, unsatisfied desire or longing

80. **merrily rang**. Note here again how the rhythm acco[m]modates itself to the sense of the passage; cf. ll. 1, 509. See

> "So thése | were wéd, | and mérr|ily ráng | the bélls."

The next line, repeating the cadence, echoes the happy musi[c of] this. See General Introduction, p. xxi. (β).

82. **competence**, sufficiency of livelihood, enough to live o[n]

84. **With children**, accompanied by the birth of children.

87. **bringing-up**, education. Observe the poet's preference for the simple Saxon term.

90. **The rosy . . solitudes**, the rosy-cheeked darling of his mother at the times when she was left alone

93 **ocean-spoil . . osier**, fish in baskets that smelt of sea-water. *Osier* is the water-willow, from withes of which the baskets were made

95. **Rough-redden'd**, made rough and red. See note to l. 51.

96 **to the market-cross**, as far as the market place of the town. Market or town crosses occupied the centre of the market-place, and were originally stands from which the ecclesiastics preached. They were generally of stone, but sometimes of wood.

98. **the portal-warding . . lion-whelp**, the figure of a young lion that surmounted the stone work of the gate-way. The meaning is that Enoch used to drive his fish-cart as far as the gates of the Hall or mansion of the squire. Cf *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, ll. 23, 24

"The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I."

And *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, l 213 ·

"Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the lion-guarded gate."

[illegible]

geese, turkeys, and cranes, cut in yew and rosemary

100 **Whose . . ministering**, whose food for Fridays was provided by Enoch. Among members of the Roman Catholic and English High Church Friday (being the day of Christ's crucifixion) is kept as a fast day, on which fish is eaten instead of butcher's meat.

103 **Open'd**, gave an outlet towards the sea.

107. **A limb was broken**, it was found that he had broken a limb

110, 111 **Another . . theirs**, another trader gradually encroached upon his business, and so deprived his wife and children of their livelihood.

112. **grave and staid**, sedate and steady **God fearing**, religious Though Enoch was a sober, religious man, yet, as he lay thus unable to do anything, doubt and gloom fell on him. See Introduction, p. xxvii.

4. **nightmare**, a horrible dream; lit. a 'night crusher,' from root *mar*, to bruise or crush. **of the night** is introduced r the Homeric fashion of mentioning specific and seemingly ecessary details. Cf. Homer's ποσσὶν ἦκε μακρὰ βιβάς, 'he it taking long steps with his feet'; and Bible, *Psalms*, xliv, 1, Ve have heard with our ears."

16. **lives of hand-to-mouth**, precarious, poverty-stricken es; in which the hand passes the food, as fast as it is earned, to e mouth; there is no supply kept in store. This is one of the nple, almost homely, phrases that are so appropriate in this yll of humble life. Cf. ll. 87, 167.

120. **had served in.** See ll. 52, 53.

121. **the man**, *i.e.* Enoch.

122. **Reporting** etc., announcing that his vessel was bound for China. This *bound* is the M. E. *boun*, ready to go, and has nohing to do with *bind*.

123-125. **Would he ... place?** These lines represent what the captain of the ship said to Enoch. **Sail'd from this port.** A further inducement to his accepting the offer. **have the place**, accept the post.

127. **at that answer to his prayer**, at his prayer being thus answered by God.

128. **that shadow of mischance**, that misfortune (viz. his accident) which clouded his future; see l. 120.

130, 131. **Cuts off ... offing**, the cloud, coming between the spectators and the sun, forms an island of reflected light on the seaward horizon. For **fiery highway of the sun**, cf. *The Voyage*, l. 19: "his (the sun's) Ocean-lane of fire"; and *The Golden Year*, l. 50: "A lane of beams athwart the sea." *Offing*, the part of the visible sea remote from the shore, is formed from *off* with the suffix *-ing*.

132. **what to do?** What is he to do about them?

134. **her.** We personify ships, making them feminine. A boatman always speaks of his boat, as an engine-driver does of his locomotive, as *she*.

135. **weather'd**, successfully encountered.

137. **And yet to sell her.** The repetition of the statement expresses the pain that the thought gave him. **what she brought**, the money she sold for.

138. **set ... forth**, set up, furnish.

140. **So**, by this means. **keep the house**, provide for the household. For a different meaning of this phrase see l. 822 and note. Note that to *keep house* means to be a householder; see l. 24.

141. **himself**, in his own behalf.

144. craft, vessel; properly a *trading* vessel

149. came on. The phrase denotes that the meeting was unexpected by Annie.

153 handled, passed his hands over, noting how wasted they were.

154. Appraised, guess the amount of; Old Fr. *apreiser*, from Lat *ad*, to, and *pretium*, a price.

155. had purposes, had not the courage to reveal his plans break, in this sense, is always used of news or information that requires care or delicacy in the telling.

157, 158 Then first finger, then for the first time since her marriage with Enoch. The gold ring was placed on her finger by Enoch at her wedding

159 brawling, noisy, quarrelsome; cf. l. 693

162 The line represents the argument she used.

167. grieving, sorry at having to oppose her wishes. held, kept to, maintained. bore it thro', carried out his will or purpose—a homely phrase It is repeated in l. 294.

168. his old sea-friend, *i e* his boat; cf l 134

169, 170 set his hand to fit, worked at fitting. street-ward, on the side of the house facing the street.

173 cabin, here 'little house'

174. Auger, a tool for boring holes It is a corruption of *nauger* (*a nauger* becoming *an auger*) = *nafegor*, nave piercer. Cf. *adder* (O E *nædre*), *apron* (O F. *naperon*), *orange* (Pers *naranj*), *umpire* (M E *nompere*), *ouch* (M E *nouche*).

175 raising, being raised or erected In Annie the noise made

"From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd."

Also *ib* 1 34; *Sir Galahad*, 1 5; *The Talking Oak*, 1 68 *Shrill'd* expresses the sharp, grating sound of the auger and saw; *rang*, the resonant blows of the hammer and axe

177 The space, *i e* at his disposal order'd, put in order, arranged

178 neat close These are adverbs of the same form as the corresponding adjectives—a use common in poetry

179. Her blossom or her seedling. A bud or a seed contains

closely packed within them the different parts, in embryo, of the future flower or plant. *Seedling* seems to be used here for *little seed*. See General Introduction, p. xvi, (*a*).

180. **needs would work**, would persist in working. *Needs* is an old genitive case, used adverbially; cf. *always, sometimes*.

181. **Ascending**, going upstairs to the bed-room. **heavily**, with oppressive soundness. Note the break in the rhythm of the line, emphasising the sense of torpor. Scan:

"Ascénd|ing tired, | héavi|ly slépt | till mórn."

184. **Save as his Annie's**, except for the fact that they were his Annie's fears, and so met with his sympathy and respect. *His* emphasises her nearness and dearness to him.

186. **Bow'd himself down**, knelt in prayer. **in that mystery** etc., in Prayer, the mysterious act in which Christ's followers hold communion with Him. **God-in-man** is the divine aspirations in man's heart; **man-in-God** is the humanity in God. Cf. *Coming of Arthur*, l. 132:

"Man's word is God in man."

189. **Whatever came to him**, whatever might come to or befall him.

190. **grace**, favour, goodness.

191. **fair weather**, prosperity. The nautical metaphor is in keeping with the character. For another, similarly appropriate, cf. l. 222.

192. **Keep ... for me**, *i.e.* have your household all in readiness for my return. A hearth swept clean of ashes and a bright fire are preparations for the welcome of one whose arrival is looked for.

193. **before you know it**. Enoch means 'much sooner than you expected.' But the words are an unconscious prophecy, since he was destined to be back long before she knew it. See notes to ll. 36, 212, and Introduction, p. xxxii.

196. **Nay**, do not mind my calling him puny, for I love, etc. This may be supposed to be said in reply to a reproachful look from Annie. **puny** (Old Fr. *puisné*, Lat. *post natus*) means lit. 'born after,' hence 'younger, inferior.'

201. **running on**, volubly talking.

204. **roughly sermonizing**, preaching to her in a homely way.

206. **Heard and not heard him**, she heard his words, but they made no impression upon her. Hence she is compared to a village girl who hears the water falling into her pitcher; but who, though the sound should tell her that her pitcher is full, is unaffected by it, being taken up with the thought of her absent lover.

211. *for*, in spite of, notwithstanding.

212. **I shall look upon your face no more.** Cf. Paul's farewell to the Ephesians, who sorrowed "most of all for the words which he had spoken, that they should see his face no more" (Bible, *Acts*, xx, 38). In Annie's words, "I shall look upon your face no more," and in Enoch's reply, "I shall look on

215. **seaman's glass**, a telescope of the powerful kind used by seamen.

216. **laugh at all your fears**, regard all your fears for the future as absurd; laugh at yourself for being afraid of the future.

220. **shipshape**, as things are kept on board ship; *i.e.* neat and tidy. The nautical phrase is appropriate in the mouth of a sailor.

222 **Cast all your cares on God** See Bible, *1 Peter*, v, 7: "Casting all your care upon him" (*i.e.* God) that anchor holds, that trust is never misplaced—another appropriate metaphor; cf. l 191

223 **Is He not from Him?** Is not God present in those

227. **drooping**, sorrowing, dejected.

228 **wonder-stricken.** Because they could not understand what was happening

230 **feverous**, caused or accompanied by fever. Tennyson uses this word, rather than the commoner *feverish* (cf. General Introduction, p xvii, (*d*)), in *Aylmer's Field*, l. 701 "his feverous pillow." The word occurs four times in Shakspere

232, 233 **how should the child Remember this?** How can he possibly remember my bidding him goodbye? *i.e.* he never

ill remember it, being so young, and therefore there is no use
a waking him.

237. **His bundle**, of clothes and other necessaries, such as a
ailor would carry.

240. **fix the glass etc.**, *i.e.* adjust its lenses to suit her eyesight.

243. **the moment**, the brief opportunity of seeing him. Note that *past* is used with a double application here, of time and of an object of vision. So with *lose* in Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, 257:

"Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball."

The usage gives an epigrammatic force.

244. **Ev'n to the last dip etc.** Cf. *Princess*, iv, 26, etc., where "tears, idle tears," are said to be

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last that reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge."

246. **as his grave**, as if he were dead.

247. **Set her sad will etc.** Though she hopelessly sorrowed for him, yet she determined none the less to do as he wished.

249. **compensating the want**, making up for the defect (of not having been brought up to trade). See Introduction, p. xxxii. Observe the accentuation—*compénsating* instead of *compensáting*. So Browning, *The Ring and the Book*, iv, 245:

"If so they might *compénsate* the saved sin."

251. **asking ... less**, demanding an excessive price from her customers and then accepting a smaller one.

252. **foreboding**, anxiously asking herself. **still**, continually.

256. **knowing it**, *i.e.* knowing that she fail'd—that she was unsuccessful in her business.

260. **Now.** This *now* is not the adverb of place, but a sort of particle, used to introduce an explanation of what precedes.

261. **cared for it**, tended it.

263. **Whether her business**, whether it was that her business.

265. **the voice who**, the voice of him who, *i.e.* of a doctor.

267-269. "Wonderful as are many of Mr. Tennyson's descri
tive rhythms, perhaps none have shown such marvellous a
subtle skill as these three lines, which, catching the reader e
he is aware, by their quickened flight and the sudden hurry
their cadence, leave him with parted lips" (*Quarterly Revie*

L. 269 is scanned:

"The lit|tle inno|cent soúl | flitted | awáy,"

where the tribrach (⏑ ⏑ ⏑) in the second foot seems to exp

the fluttering of a bird about to take flight, and the *trochee* (— ⏑) in the fourth the rapid movement of escape See General Introduction, p xxi, (*β*)

268. **Like the caged bird etc.** For the simile, cf Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 827 : ὄρνις γὰρ ὥς τις ἐκ χερῶν ἄφαντος εἶ, "For like a bird from the hands art thou vanished (to Hades) "

271-273 **Philip's true heart .** Smote him, his faithful heart reproached him ; he felt conscience-stricken or full of compunction.

278 **struck it,** knocked at it **no one opening** is an absolute clause

279 **with her grief,** with her grief for her only companion. Cf. Shaks. *King John*, III, i, 73, where Constance says, "Here I and sorrows sit" ; and *ib* III, iv, 93-97.

285 **the passion etc ,** the strong feeling expressed in the reply that she moaned out

286 **forlorn** is the Old Eng *forloren*, past part of *forleósan*, to lose utterly.

288. **His bashfulness etc ,** his shyness in Annie's presence struggling with his kindness for her His bashfulness bade him go ; his tenderness bade him stay

289 **set,** seated

293 **For where etc ,** what he determined in his mind to do, that he carried out in action

294. **bore it thro',** accomplished it ; see l 167.

297 **for the wherewithal,** to obtain the means

301 **morning hours** Life is compared to a day, and the morning hours are the early years of life

303. **running wild,** becoming unruly, left undisciplined.

304. **the waste,** the common ; the unoccupied land near a village.

305. **Have we not etc. ?** Are we not old friends who can trust each other ?

309 **he shall,** *i e.* I will let him.

310. **well to-do,** well off, prosperous. This *do* is the provincial English *dow* (Old Eng *dugan*), 'to avail, to be worth, to suit,' seen in the phrase, 'That will *do*,' *i e* suit , and perhaps in 'How do you *do* ?'

... against the wall turning her face from

315. **broken down**, prostrated with grief, disconsolate.

317. **breaks me down**, overcomes me, is too much *for* me.

318. **that is borne in on me**, I feel convinced of it; I have an inward presentiment that it is so. Both this phrase and "lifted up in spirit" below have a Puritan air about them, in keeping with the story. See Introduction, p. xxxi.

321. **There**, at that point in the conversation.

322. **swimming**, swimming with tears, full of tears.

323. **dwelt ... on**, continued looking at.

325. **Caught at**, impulsively grasped.

326. **garth**, yard, garden; Old Eng. *geard*, an enclosure.

327. **lifted up in spirit**, cheered in mind, with exhilarated feelings.

329. **everyway**, in all respects.

330. **by his own**, in relation to his own children.

331. **Made himself theirs**, devoted himself to their care.

332. **lazy gossip**, idle people's gossip. *Gossip* = god-sib, God-relative, *i.e.* a sponsor in baptism, and so, a news-monger, a chatterbox (as in l. 469): here it means news-mongering, chatter.

334. **crost her threshold**, entered her house. *Threshold* = *thresh-wold* or *thrash-wood*, the piece of wood thrashed or beaten by the feet of incomers.

335. **garden herbs**, vegetables.

337. **conies**, rabbits; from Lat. *cuniculus*.

338. **with some pretext.** Observe the accentuation—*pretéxt* instead of *prétext*. Cf. note to l. 249. **of fineness in the meal**, *of the meal being more than usually fine.*

339. **To save ... charitable**, to avoid offending Annie by the appearance of being charitable. He wished the gift to seem to be the outcome of friendly feeling and not of charity or a desire to relieve her poverty.

340. **whistled**, made a shrill noise as its sails turned round in the wind.

341. **fathom Annie's mind**, sound the depths of her mind; understand her inner feelings. He thought her cold; but she was full of gratitude, though a bashful reticence prevented her from expressing it.

343. **Out of full heart**, in consequence of the fulness of her heart.

344. **Light on a broken word**, find a few, faint, half inarticulate words.

349. **his passive ear.** Philip always submitted to listen patiently.

351, 352. **Philip gain'd as Enoch lost,** Philip more and more won their affections as Enoch (through his absence) *lost them more* and more.

353. **Uncertain,** vague, indefinite.

354. **as a figure.** A person so seen would seem to be almost outside our own life—a mere shadowy outline.

361. **would go,** wished to go.

363. **like the working bee etc.** The working bee (as distinct from the drone bee) often gets powdered over with the pollen of flowers, when it is extracting the honey. Cf. *Merlin and Vivien*, l. 275:

> "you lay
> Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of those
> Deep meadows we had traversed."

And *The Voyage of Maeldune*, V · "Each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to feet."

364. **Blanch'd with his mill,** whitened with the flour of his mill.

365. **denied,** said no, refused.

366. **pluck'd at him,** *caught hold of him,* pulled at his coat. Cf. the village pastor in Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, ll. 183, 184, whom

> "Even children followed with endearing wile,
> And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

369. **the weary down,** the down that made her feel weary.

370, 371 **the prone edge hollow.** See ll. 67, 68, and notes; and see note to ll. 58, 59 force, strength.

376 **whitening,** showing the under part of the leaf.

378 **reluctant** is used in its Latin sense of 'struggling against,' resisting their efforts So Milton has "reluctant flames" (*Par. Lost*, vi, 58), and "untamed reluctance" (*Ib.* ii, 337). Compare with this picture Wordsworth's *Nutting:*

> "Then up I rose,
> And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
> And merciless ravage": etc.

The *tawny clusters* are the bunches of nuts.

382. **dark hour.** See note to l. 78.

383. **wounded life.** *See note to* l. 75.

384. **the shadow,** the obscurity of the wood; see line 76.

385. **honest**, honourable, open, guileless. Similarly his was a "true heart," l. 271. **forehead**. Frankness of disposition finds its expression in the brows.

387. **Tired**, *i.e.* are you tired? He repeats the question in the next line.

388. **her face etc.**, a sign of great dejection.

389. **a kind of anger.** His feeling of annoyance arose from her so persistently retaining what seemed to him an absurd belief.

390. **The ship**, *i.e.* the ship in which Enoch sailed.

391. **kill yourself**, *i.e.* with vain longings and regrets.

392. **make them orphans quite**, bereave them of their mother as well as of their father.

394. **Their voices etc.** The merry voices of the children seemed by contrast to emphasise her own forlorn condition.

396. **a thing upon my mind**, a thought that weighs upon me—of which I want to unburden myself.

399. **will out**, will come out, will be revealed. Cf. the proverbial phrase, 'Murder will out.'

400. **against all chance**, contrary to every probability.

405. **Unless—.** Philip was going to say "Unless you are my wife," but breaks off, shrinking at first, in his delicacy, from *giving utterance to his thought*, and suggesting that Annie knows what he would say. **so quick**, *i.e.* so quick at catching one's meaning.

407. **fain**, gladly; an adverb here. **prove**, show myself.

411. **fast**, firmly, fixedly, indissolubly.

412. **uncertain years**, years of doubt and suspense.

420. **as God's good angel**, like a good or guardian angel sent by God to watch over us.

426. **after Enoch**, below Enoch, less than Enoch.

429. **so long**, a very long time to ask you to wait.

430. **surely I shall etc.**, surely I shall have some certain news about Enoch within a year; I shall know whether he is dead or not.

434. **I am bound**, I consider myself to be under an agreement with you.

435. **Will you not etc.**, are you not willing on your part to wait a year, as I on my part agree to wait a year and then marry you?

438. **the dead flame of the fallen day**, the vanished gleam of the sunset. Cf. *A Dream of Fair Women*, ll. 61-64:

"The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun."

439. **Pass from**, cease to light up

440 **night and chill**, 'the chill of night'; a hendiadys.

446 **your hour of weakness**, a time when you did not feel so firm or strong-minded as usual

451 **dwelt upon**, thought over Cf. l. 323

453 **autumn into autumn flashed again**. A new autumn came round so quickly that there seemed to be no interval between it and the last.

458. **So much to look to**, there were so many things to be thought about These lines (458 460) give Annie's arguments for delaying the marriage

461, 462. **his voice Shaking**, i e with nervous eagerness. A drunkard's hand is tremulous and unsteady from the effects of drink. **that lifelong hunger** See l 79

465. **held him on delayingly**, kept him waiting in dilatory fashion.

467. **Trying his truth etc**, putting his constancy and his patience to the proof

470. **Abhorrent of etc**, hating to have their anticipation (that Philip and Annie would marry) unfulfilled

471 **to chafe**, to be vexed or angry

473 **Some that she etc** Some thought that she was coy and retiring only in order to make him come forward with an offer of marriage Note how this line is made up entirely of monosyllables—a sign of Tennyson's pure English style

475. **As simple folk etc**, as being foolish people who did not know what they wished for

477. **Like serpent eggs** The eggs of serpents are agglutinated or stuck together in beadlike rows by a mucous substance.

478. **worse**, unlawful love.

479 **look'd his wish**, showed his wish by his looks.

483 **contracting**, becoming thin.

485 **Sharp as reproach**, as painfully as if she had been actually reproached for her conduct

487. **a sign**, a sign from Heaven a supernatural indication to guide her in her decision, see Introduction, p xxxii **gone**, dead.

488 **Then, compass'd round etc** then, surrounded as she was by the thick, impenetrable darkness of the night, she could not bear the terror she felt, as she waited for some answer to her prayer, and so started etc.

490. **struck herself a light**, lighted a candle for herself by striking sparks from a flint. Lucifer matches were not invented "a hundred years ago" (see l. 10).

491. **the holy Book**, the Bible. The "Sortes Biblicæ," or telling one's fortune by the Bible in the manner described here, were an imitation of the older "Sortes Vergilianæ, Homericæ," etc., in which the Æneid of Virgil, the Iliad of Homer, etc., were similarly consulted. The book was opened at random, and the first passage that caught the eye or that was touched by the finger was regarded as a Divine response. The Roman emperors, Trajan and Alexander Severus, practised this method of divination, which was popular also in Christian times, and was condemned as profane by St. Augustine and by the Council of Vannes in the fifth century, but was long afterwards followed at the election of bishops, abbots, etc. Cf. De Quincey's *Modern Superstition*; Works, vol. III, p. 307, etc. The Puritans adopted the practice, and it is still sometimes employed by common people of the old religious type in parts of England and Scotland.

492. **Suddenly**, all at once, without premeditation. Unpremeditated action was considered essential in such methods of divination.

494. **'Under the palm-tree.'** See Bible, *Judges*, iv, 5, "And she (i.e. Deborah) dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah."

496. **When lo! her Enoch etc.** *Blackwood* remarks: "She beholds Enoch seated 'under a palm-tree, over him the sun'; as he doubtless was at that moment in the island on which he had been wrecked, and where the ghostly echo of her wedding bells is so soon to torment his ear. But the true vision is but a lying dream to his wife. In her simplicity she cannot think of palms as real trees growing in foreign lands. Her mind flies to scriptural associations." See *Introduction*, p. xxxii.

499. **Hosanna in the highest**, praise to God in the heavens above. *Hosanna*, an invocation of praise or blessing, means in Hebrew, 'Save, I beseech thee.'

500. **The Sun of Righteousness.** See Bible, *Malachi*, iv, 2: "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings"; where the reference is to the coming of Christ, the Messiah. *Be* is present indicative.

500, 501. **palms Whereof etc.** The allusion is to Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the people strewed palm-branches before Him, and greeted Him with cries of 'Hosanna in the highest.' See Bible, *Mark*, xi, 8-10; *John*, xii, 12 and 13. **Whereof** = (branches) from which.

503. **Resolved**, came to a resolution. **wildly**, excitedly.

506. **So you will**, if it be so that you will; provided that you will. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 133.

507, 508. The repetition here, in inverted order, not only adds emphasis but admirably echoes the recurring cadences of the bells For a similar repetition, cf. *Aylmer's Field*, ll 428, 429:

> "The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,
> Tears, and the careless rain of heaven"

509 Notice how the heavily accented *merrily* of this line is in harmony with its sadness, as contrasted with the lightly accented *merrilys* of the two preceding lines with their note of joy. Cf. l. 80 Scan·

> "So thése | were wéd | and mérr|ily ráng | the bélls,
> Mérri|ly ráng | the bélls | and théy | were wéd ;
> *But név|er mérr|ilý | beat Ánn|ie's heárt*"

510, 511 **A footstep . a whisper** Annie still felt half uncertain of Enoch's being really dead—the "mysterious instinct" of l. 522. See note to l. 175.

514. **What ail'd her ?** Something ailed her A strange, unaccountable feeling came over her The question is a merely rhetorical one

519. **was as herself renew'd**, *i e* she herself entered upon a new existence along with her child. She forgot her old self in her absorption in the new child

520 **the new mother**, the new feeling of motherhood Cf. Addison, *Cato*, iii, 2· "I feel the mother breaking in upon me" **came about**, gathered round, took possession of.

525 **The Biscay**, *i.e* the Bay of Biscay **ridging**, rising in ridges or long mountainous waves

527. **slipt** The word implies smooth and easy sailing **the summer of the world**, the tropics

528 **a long tumble**, a great deal of tossing; a long period of stormy weather **the Cape**, *i e* the Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms. For the rhythm of this line, cf. General Introduction, p xxi, (β), and scan

> "Then áf|ter a | long túm|ble abóut | the Cápe."

529 **foul and fair**, *i e* foul and fair weather

531. **The breath of heaven etc** The vessel had reached the

Good Hope.

532. **sweetly**, gently. **the golden isles**, the islands of the East Indian Archipelago. The Malay Peninsula was known to the ancients as the *Golden* Chersonese. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, xi, 302.

533. **Till silent**, till she was silent, till she came to anchor.

535. **Quaint monsters**, grotesque Chinese images.

537. **home-voyage.** The trisyllabic foot images, as it were, the swing of the ship.

538. **sea-circle**, circular expanse of sea surrounded by the horizon. Cf. *The Passing of Arthur*, l. 87 (of the indistinct sea-horizon):

"The phantom circle of a moaning sea."

539. **figure-head.** Ships had, and sometimes still have, carved wooden figures, often consisting of a woman's head and shoulders, on their bows just above the water-line. **full-busted** = big-chested, large-bosomed. Cf. *The Voyage*, II.:

"The Lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale."

540. **feathering**, rising in thin, light, curling wavelets. Cf. l. 68 and note. **stared** expresses the fixed gaze of the lifeless image.

542. **Then baffling**, then followed baffling (*i.e.* contrary) winds.

544. **hard upon** etc., immediately after the cry of 'Breakers ahead!' (showing they were close to rocks on which the waves were breaking) the ship struck on the reef and was wrecked.

548. **stranding**, coming ashore.

551. **fruitage**, 'fruit of various kinds'; a collective noun. Cf. *acreage*, *Aylmer's Field*, l. 651. Also *garlandage*, *scaffoldage*.

552 **Nor save for pity** etc. Through being unacquainted with human civilisation, the animals on the island were so tame that the only hindrance to capturing them was the feeling of pity for their helplessness. Cf. Cowper's "Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk" on his desert island:—

"The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man
Their tameness is shocking to me."

And Darwin, *Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, pp. 20, 21: "Quadrupeds and birds which have seldom been disturbed by man dread him no more than do our English birds the cows or horses grazing in the fields." **so wild that it was tame.** Note the antithesis or apparent contradiction in terms here; and cf. l. 613, "beauteous hateful," and note.

554. **seaward-gazing**, that opened in the direction of the sea.

556. **native cavern**, cavern of natural rock.

557. **this Eden**, this fair garden, this paradise. Similarly Tennyson (*Locksley Hall*, l. 164) calls tropic islands "Summer isles of Eden." *Eden* was the name of the region and garden in which Adam and Eve were placed by God. The name means "pleasure."

562. **leave him**, *i.e.* to attempt any plan of escape from the island.

565, 566. **Fire hollowing . . . Sun-stricken**, while he was burning out the inside of the trunk, as the Indians do (for want of tools), to make a boat, was killed by sunstroke.

568. **The mountain wooded etc.** [illegible] upon "the [illegible] whose oppre[illegible] itself in upo[illegible] of his capti[illegible] [illegible] calls the description an "absolute model of adorned art No expressive circumstances can be added, no enhancing detail suggested." The picture (with which should be compared a similar one in *Locksley Hall*, ll. 159-164) is significant on account of the con[illegible]

[illegible]

Noel (*Contemp. Review*) "The dominant note of Tennyson's poetry is assuredly the delineation of human moods modulated by Nature, and through a system of Nature-symbolism."

570. **coco's**, the coco-nut tree (*cocos nucifera*).

571. **The lightning flash.** This image expresses both the swift, darting flight and the brilliancy of form or plumage of tropical insects and birds.

572. **The lustre etc.** Note the musical alliterativeness of this line, and the sense of *trailing* growth produced by its rhythm. It is hypermetrical. Scan:

"The lús|tre of | the long | convól|vulúses."

573, 574. **ran Ev'n to . . . land**, spread even to the shore of the island. **the glows**, the gorgeous shows.

575. **the broad belt of the world**, the torrid zone, which runs round the centre of the globe.

576. **fain had seen**, would gladly have seen.

577. **kindly** contains the double notion of kinship and friendliness.

579. **The myriad shriek of**, the shriek of myriads of.

580. **roller**, see note to l. 21. Note the stately rhythm of this line; cf. General Introduction, p. xxi, (7)

581. **The moving whisper**, the whispering noise that moved hither and thither among the branches as they swayed in the breeze.

582. **In the zenith**, *i.e.* at a vast height above his head.

585. **seaward-gazing**. The epithet is perhaps also expressive of Enoch's attitude and feelings.

588. **The sunrise broken etc.** The sun, red at its rising, shone upon him through the palms etc., and so its light was broken up into scarlet rays (which are compared to shafts or arrows). Similarly Shelley speaks of the "keen arrows" of the moon's "crystal sphere." **The blaze upon.** Observe the repetition of the phrase (here pointing to the dreary monotony of the sunshine)—a characteristic of Tennyson's style; cf. ll. 491-2, and *Geraint and Enid* (now entitled *The Marriage of Geraint*), ll. 50-51:

"Forgetful of his promise to the king,
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,
Forgetful of his glory and his name,
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares."

Also *The Holy Grail*, ll. 103, 104; 233-236; 370-372; 472-475 (where 'blood-red' is repeated three times).

593. **globed themselves**, formed globular masses of light;—referring to the brilliancy of constellations in the tropics. Cf. *Locksley Hall*, l. 159:

"Larger constellations burning."

594. **hollower-bellowing**, sounding with a deeper roar by night than by day, on account of the stillness on the land. Cf. *In the Valley of Cauteretz*, ll. 1, 2:

"Stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with deepening of the night."

And see note to l. 51.

596. **watch'd or seem'd to watch.** Cf. *Dream of Fair Women*, l. 41: "I started once, or seem'd to start"; *Œnone*, l. 18: "Floated her hair or seem'd to float"; and Vergil's *Aut videt aut vidisse putat*, 'He sees or thinks he sees'; and Milton's (*P. L.* i, 713) "sees, or dreams he sees."

597. **So still etc.**, remaining so still that even so timid an animal as the golden-hued lizard remained motionless on his person, as if his body had been an inanimate object.

598-601. **A phantom ... the line**, a shadowy scene composed of many shadowy objects (*i.e.* his home in England) appeared before him wherever he went, or he seemed to himself to be continually moving among people, things, and places that he knew far away in England. **darker.** Referring to the more sombre skies of northern latitudes. **the line**, the equator.

606 *dewy-glooming*, looking dark with dew in the early morning Cf. *Œnone*, 47:

"Aloft the mountain dawn was dewy-dark."

These epithets well describe the darkening effect of dew upon grass in the early dawn. See General Introduction, p. xvi, (a).

607. The gentle shower, as contrasted with the heavy tropical rainfall.

608 Note the sound-effect produced by the alliteration of the liquids *l*, *n* in this line, and contrast it with that produced by the dental alliteration in line 606. See General Introduction, p. xxii.

609. In the ringing of his ears His ears tingled, producing

where Alice hears a mysterious swell of music on the wind; and *Locksley Hall*, l. 84. "Thou shalt hear a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears."

611. He heard the pealing etc. With Enoch's hearing the

"Star to star vibrates light may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?"

—where a similar case of this mysterious sympathy is mentioned.

613. Shuddering. Note how the pause after the first foot in this line emphasises
(a). beauteous ha
cf. *Œnone*, l. 49:
Harold, III, i, 50.

614. Returned upon him, *i e* when he became conscious of it again. He had been lost in a fit of musing.

615. That which etc., *i.e.* God

616. speaks with, prays to, has communion with.

617. had died, for 'would have died.'

618. early-silvering His hair grew gray with his troubles before he was an old man.

621. sacred, hallowed in his old and cherished memories of them.

628. **mist-wreathen**, enveloped in mist or haze. Cf. l. 865, note. **a break**, an opening in the mist. Cf. l. 1, and note.

629. **silent.** Because the noise of its fall could not be heard at that distance. Cf. Wordsworth, *Address to Kilchurn Castle:*

> "Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
> Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
> Frozen by distance."

630. **burst away**, rapidly dispersed in various directions.

633. **solitary**, lonely man; adjective used for noun. Thus the second book of Wordsworth's *Excursion* is entitled 'The Solitary,' *i.e.* the recluse. The *Quarterly Review* remarks: "Arden, all due allowance made, must have passed at least full seven years of solitary life upon his isle; and it is a serious question whether any human being, much more a man of his intensity of nature, could have passed through this ordeal and kept his wits." The terrible effects, however, of his solitude upon Enoch are dwelt upon by the poet, which it is expressly stated would have been far more terrible but for the consolations of religion in his case (see ll. 614-617). As it was, he did half lose his wits temporarily, and was a broken man for the short life that remained to him.

636. **inarticulate rage**, rage or excitement unable to express itself in words. His rage was due to his being unable to speak articulately. Woodes Rogers, in his account of Alexander Selkirk, whom, after four years of solitude, he rescued from the island of Juan Fernandez, says: "At his first coming on board us he had so much forgot his language for want of use that we could scarce understand him; for he seemed to speak his words by halves."

638. **sweet water**, fresh, pure water, as opposed to salt or brackish.

640-1. **his ... loosen'd**, his tongue, which through disuse had lost the power of speech, now regained it. Cf. Bible, *Luke*, i, 64, where it is said of the dumb Zacharias that "his tongue was loosed." For *long-bounden*, cf. note to l. 865.

643. **the tale he utter'd**, *i.e.* the tale which he uttered. **brokenly**, disconnectedly, falteringly.

645. **melted**, touched, excited pity in.

647, 648. **But oft .. from him.** He was given a free passage and therefore was not bound to work with the crew, but he often chose to do so in order to get rid of his habit of solitude.

649. **Came from**, belonged to; were natives of, or resident in.

652. **The vessel scarce sea-worthy**, the vessel being scarcely seaworthy (*i.e.* fit for sea)—an absolute clause.

653, 654 **His fancy ... Returning**, his eager thoughts sped in advance of the slow-sailing ship to his home. **lazy.** So it seemed to him, in his impatience.

655. **down thro' all his blood.** He *drew in great draughts of* it, so that it pervaded his whole system *Cf. The Marriage of Geraint*, ll. 532 3:

> "She found no rest, and ever fail'd to draw
> The quiet night into her blood."

657. **her ghostly wall**, her white, chalk cliffs which, wrapt in the morning mist, looked like ghosts.

665 **His home** is in apposition with the first *home* in the previous line, which is a repetition of *home* in *homeward*.

666 671. **till drawn** pasturage, the afternoon was bright up to the time when a sea-fog rolled up through the two openings in the cliffs by which the two harbours had access to the sea, and enveloped the whole region round in a gray covering It interrupted the view of the high road that stretched in front of him, and left visible on either side of him only a narrow strip of leafless copse or ploughed land or pasture **either haven**, both havens; see ll. 102, 103

[illegible]

671. **holt**, wood, copse, from the root *hul*, to hide **tilth** here = tilled land, as in Milton, *Par Lost*, xi, 429 30 "A field, part arable and tilth"

672. **the robin**, the Robin Red-breast, a small English song bird

674 **dead weight** *Dead* means inert, unrelieved by any buoyancy in the air Scan the line

> "The déad | weight of | the déad | léaf bóre | it dówn,"

and observe how the accentuation of the two *deads* and of *weight* emphasises the meaning

[illegible]

679, 680 **His heart etc. His eyes etc** Two absolute clauses

683. **murmur**, low, indistinct sound, as coming from the interior of the house

684. **A bill of sale**, a notice that the house was for sale.

686 **the pool**, the harbour-basin.

38. **a front of** etc., a very old house, the front of which was ned of beams placed crosswise (the interspaces being filled in h brickwork or plaster). This "half-timbered" style of lding is common in Kent to the present day.

589. **propt**, with timber supports to prevent it from falling.

690. **must have gone**, would surely have disappeared by this me.

696. **good and garrulous**, kindly and talkative.

705, 706. **o'er his ... motion**, no look of trouble or emotion passed over his face.

714. **If I might**, I would that I might.

715, 716. **the thought ... drove him forth.** Cf. *Morte d'Arthur*, l. 185: "His own thought drove him, like a goad."

721. **Unspeakable for sadness**, unspeakably or indescribably sad.

722. **The ruddy square** etc., the glowing square of light formed by the window, betokening warmth and comfort inside the house. Cf. *Princess*, "Tears, idle tears," ll. 13, 14:

> "Unto dying eyes
> The casement slowly grows a glimmering square."

724. **beacon-blaze**, the bright lantern of a lighthouse, which forms a beacon or warning light to ships. Passing birds, attracted by the light, have often been known to dash themselves against the lantern glass and fall dead; as they do also against the electric light on a steamer's bows in the Suez Canal. Cf. *Princess*, iv:

> "Like a beacon-tower above the waves
> Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
> Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
> Dash themselves dead."

Like the metaphors in ll. 191, 220, 222, this simile is peculiarly appropriate in a tale that has to do with sailor life.

728. **latest**, for *last*. 'Latest' refers to time: 'last' to order or position. **to landward**, in a landward direction.

733. **shingle**, coarse gravel of the seashore; so called from the *singing* or crunching noise made by walking over it; cf. l. 76S This *shingle* is Scandinavian: *shingle*, a wooden tile, is from La *scindula*, *scindere*, to split.

736, 737. **If griefs ... better**, if griefs so bitter as his can ha the terms better or worse applied to them. Being infinite, th admit of no degrees of comparison.

738. **silver**, silver plate, as spoons, forks, etc. **burnish'd boa** brightly polished table. *Burnished* is more usually applied t metal surface.

739. genial, bright and pleasant.

744 A later etc., the image of her mother, only taller than she Observe the alliteration.

746. a ring, formerly of ivory, and given to teething children to suck.

747. rear'd Cf. Shaks *Julius Cæsar*, III. i 30: "Casca, you are first that rears your hand" creasy, full of creases or wrinkles caused by their fatness.

754 Now when the dead man etc. A writer in *Harper's Magazine*, Oct. 1864, says "The fascinating fancy which Hawthorne elaborated under the title of *Wakefield*, of a man withdrawing from his home and severing himself for many years [illegible]

762 Because things seen etc Cf. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 180, 181: *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta*, 'things communicated through the ear stir men's feelings less powerfully than things that are set before the eyes'; and Herodotus, i, 8 *ὦτα γὰρ τυγχάνει ἀνθρώποισι ἐόντα ἀπιστότερα ὀφθαλμῶν*, 'for men are wont to trust their ears less than their eyes'; and Seneca, *Epp* vi.

763, 764. fear'd To send, feared lest in his agony of mind he might send.

765. the blast of doom, the blast of the trumpet that summons men to judgment for their sins. See Bible, *1 Cor.* xv 52. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised"

769. feeling all along, groping with his hands like a blind man.

775 prone, 'face downwards, lying on the face'; opposite to *supine*, 'face upwards, lying on the back,' and so 'negligent.' Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, x. 514, where Satan falls "a monstrous [illegible] etc., in his [illegible]

782. Scan this line.—

"Nót to | tell hér | néver | to lét | hér knów."

Note how the accentuation gives special emphasis to *not* and *her*, as also to *not* in the next line.

789. tranced, in a fainting condition, in a swoon; see l. 770

792. Beating it in, impressing it, trying to fix it.

793. **the burthen of a song**, the refrain of a song, that verse of a song which is repeated at intervals. This word (which should be spelt *burden*, not *burthen*) is quite distinct from *burden* or *burthen*, a load *borne*, since it comes from the Fr. *bourdon*, the drone-bass of a bagpipe, which is from the Low Lat. *burdonem*, accusative of *burdo*, a drone-bee. It is probably an imitative word.

795. **all**, entirely; an adverb.

796. **faith**, religious faith, faith in God's goodness.

797. **from a living source.** His prayer was not dead and formal, but was the outcome of genuine feeling and belief.

798. **beating up etc.**, struggling against and overcoming all the troubles of this life.

799. **Like fountains etc.** Springs of fresh water have been known to issue from the sea-bed. Cf. *Morte d'Arthur*, ll. 247-249:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day."

And *Early Sonnets*, x, 7, 8:

"I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water springs come up through bitter brine."

See General Introduction, p. xvii.

800. **kept him a living soul**, kept him from being utterly broken down by despair.

803. **fear enow**, much fear. enow is a provincialism for *enough*. Tennyson employs it, as being antique, throughout the *Idylls*. It is properly the old plural form of *enough*, and is so used by Shakspere. Even Byron has, "Have I not cares enow and pangs enow?"

805. **her comfort**, a comfort to her.

806. **After ... call'd me**, *i.e.* after my death.

808. **an alms.** *Alms* is properly singular, but is now used in everyday English as a plural. It is a contraction of the M. E. *almesse*, representing the Gk. *eleēmosynē*.

813. **the stinted commerce of those days**, the scanty merchandise of 100 years ago, when English commerce was in its infancy.

816. **Work without hope.** Cf. Coleridge's verses with this title:

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live."

Since Enoch worked without hope, he took no pleasure or interest in his work, to keep him alive.

817-819. **as the year . return'd**, when the time of Enoch's return home had nearly come round again in the following year.

821 **do no more**, work no longer.

822. **kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.** First, he was too ill to go out of doors; then, getting worse, he took to his chair; and finally he became so ill that he could not leave his bed. Cf. note to l. 140

825 [illegible]

l. 724. [illegible] phor, [illegible] was a [illegible]

836. **'hear him talk!'** i e. what nonsense'

837. **bring you round**, make you well again.

842 **I knew him far away**, I could recognise him a long distance off

843 **mind**, a provincialism for 'remember'

844 **Held his head high**, had plenty of honest pride. The feelings of the mind affect the carriage of the body

855 **Who married changed** He was going to say, 'who married Annie Lee'; 'but,' he says, '*her* name Lee has been twice changed, once to Arden by her marrying me, and again to Ray by her marrying Philip.'

861. **easy tears**, tears that came readily; she was easily moved to tears. Cf. Shaks *Coriolanus*, V, ii, 45: "the easy groans of old women."

865. **promise bounden**, bound or restrained by her promise to Enoch. The old form in *-en* of the past participle is also used in l. 640, *long bounden*, and l. 628, *mist-wreathen*

866 **bairns**, used in the north-country dialects for 'children'; M. E. *barn*, what is born

868 **Enoch hung etc** The temptation to see his children was so great, that he hesitated for a moment when she suggested fetching them *Blackwood* observes: "The [illegible]

872. **mark me**, observe what I say.

876. **the bar between us**, the impediment caused by her marriage with Philip.

886. **I am their father**, *i.e.* though I am no longer Annie's husband, and therefore it is not fitting that she should come to see me after death, lest she should be haunted by my memory,—yet I am still the children's father, and there is nothing to prevent them from coming to see me when I am dead.

888. **my blood**, my family.

892. **thought**, intended.

896. **a token**, a proof, a guarantee.

899. **That once again etc.** Her volubility made him think that she did not take a sufficiently serious view of the matter, so that he was afraid she might forget his dying wishes and her promise of secrecy.

904. **a calling of the sea.** A term used in some parts of England for a ground-swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the sound not only echoes through the houses standing near the beach, but is often heard many miles inland.

907. **Crying etc.** He imagines himself back again on his lonely island. Death was indeed to him as the sight of a sail to a stranded sailor. See ll. 824-828.

910, 911. The last two lines enable us to fill up the story in our imaginations, and bring it to a fitting conclusion. They also form a grateful relief to the tension of feeling caused by the deep pathos of the closing scenes of the narrative.

INDEX TO THE NOTES.

[The references are to the lines. Italics denote subjects.]